

# THE OGLIVIE

Saturday, March 6, 1869.



"I only said they were a little bit in the way."—p. 339.

## ESTHER WEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE."

### CHAPTER XLV.—THE MEANING OF POVERTY.

**L**IFE seemed to have lost all interest to Kate West. In our suffering we are often cruel, and she chose to consider, in abandoning herself to grief, that she was left to suffer alone; that her father and sister would never have allowed her to go away, if they had cared as much for her as she did for them; therefore she shut up her heart from them, and the old, happy intercourse between the sisters, which

had made every trifle of their daily lives a matter of mutual confidence, seemed to have come to an end.

Harry, in the midst of his preparations for departure, was too much engrossed to notice that his wife behaved more like an automaton than a woman. But just then an event occurred which roused and took her out of herself for a time.

The pair had come down to breakfast. As usual, Kate was first in the room; for Harry was always either too early or too late for everything. She came in with a dreary, listless look on her bright face, glanced at the table on which the morning meal was spread, and saw a letter lie on each plate—one for herself and one for Harry. Without so much as advancing to look at them, she went and stood on the hearthrug, and gazed into the fire, as one gazes when the day is done. There was no impatience in her waiting, only once something visibly rose in her throat, and had to be swallowed down. It was the vain self-pity of youth which it needed her whole strength to still.

Harry came in at last, smiling with his insensate smile, and they sat down together. Kate lifted her letter—only a little note from Constance—and thrust it into her pocket unread. What a short time ago it seemed since every letter was a little treasure to be pounced upon and read, and handed over from one to another at home—shorter still since she would have been leaning over Harry's shoulder, impatient to share the contents of a missive so important looking as that which he was now perusing.

"So it is settled at last," he exclaimed, tossing the letter over to Kate with an expression between pleasure and disgust.

"What is settled?" she asked, carelessly.

"That affair of Aunt West's legacy. Read the letter, and you will see," he replied.

She did as she was bidden, and ran through the broad square sheet, which informed her that the affairs of the bank in which Mrs. West's legacy to Esther had been invested, were wound up at last, and that something over six hundred pounds had fallen to Esther's share, the estate dividing half-a-crown in the pound.

"It is very little," said Kate.

"But better than nothing at all," laughed Harry; "and I dare say she will be very glad to get it," he added, with a truer appreciation of the value of money.

They went on with their meal in silence, Kate presiding over her elegantly-appointed table with an air almost of disgust. At length Harry, who had only been too busy to speak, started up, saying, "I have a hundred things to do to-day, Kate. Can you carry the news of this fortune to Esther? I cannot spare the time myself."

Kate consented, in a pleasureless way. It did not occur to her that she might be carrying a

message of comfort and gladness and hope and life. Esther, she knew, had given up expecting any help from this quarter; but she did not know that she needed help so much; and, as often happens, the help had not come a day too soon. Esther had not the heart to turn away her little scholars when the fees were not forthcoming—and the fees were not forthcoming frequently enough. A large proportion of the tradespeople in the neighbourhood were afflicted with want of money, and not the tradespeople only, but those who patronised them, and lived in handsome houses in the neighbouring streets and squares. Indeed, it was with these latter that the impecuniosity originated generally. As a consequence, the tradesmen's little girls were the first to suffer, education for little girls in that class being often considered only a genteel superfluity. Then the wave of commercial disaster had reached ever wider and wider circles, and in one of the circles had included and swept down the firm of builders and contractors with whom Martin and Willie had been placed. The works were closed the day after Philip's accident, and the lads had been idle, with an enforced idleness more wearisome than the hardest work, ever since. In vain Esther strove to encourage them. They went about with rueful faces trying to find employment, and finding none. It was pitiable to see them droop so quickly, and lose heart so soon.

"We've known fellows go about for weeks and months," they said, "till they hadn't a shoe to their feet or a bit to put in their mouths. And it comes over and over again. Whenever one saves a little money in the good times, it's all used up in the bad."

The twins were at work again, but they had not found situations which they considered proportioned to their merits, and they were accordingly in a state of chronic discontent. The gloom which reigned in the little house in Sutton's Alley was sufficiently depressing, and seemed deepening as the days went on.

On that very morning on which Kate was setting out with the letter, there had been a painful scene in the Potter household. Martin and Willie would rise at their usual hour, only to find themselves in everybody's way, it seemed. There appears to be an attitude peculiar to men out of work—the elbows resting on the knees, the head on the hands, and the long stare into the fire, if there be a fire, or even into the empty grate. The two lads fell into this attitude at once, and would sit thus, one on each side of the fire, while Sarah prepared the morning meal. They breakfasted together alone when at work, and they had made their usual custom a pretext for absenting themselves from the family breakfast, and latterly of eating a piece of dry bread by themselves in the kitchen before setting out on their day's search.

When Esther came down on the morning in

question, she found poor Sarah sitting crying by the fire, in the midst of her neglected preparations.

"I only said they were a little bit in the way," she sobbed, in explanation; and Esther at length made out that the lads had taken offence at their sister's words, and had gone out without any breakfast at all, while poor Sarah had only been anxious to conceal from them the fact that there was not a sufficiency even of bread for all.

It was the end of the quarter, and for a week or two no money would be forthcoming from the scholars; but before the morning was over, Esther had turned into money every little ornament she possessed, and had gone to her work with that heavy aching at her heart which the pressure of real poverty gives, when it has to be shared with a home circle. Esther felt that she could have better endured it alone. She could hardly fix her attention on the task before her; and when called out of the schoolroom to see Kate, it was with a sickening flutter of the heart that she obeyed the summons.

Kate communicated her good news silently by presenting the letter, but she was not prepared for the reception which it met. Esther turned pale with emotion, and trembled violently.

"If you only knew what a relief this is," she explained; "but you cannot know, for you have never known poverty."

"You have not wanted for anything, surely?" said Kate. "You would have come to us."

"Poverty means wanting things, Kate," said Esther, smiling through a mist of thankful tears; "but we have not felt the pressure long. It has only been very bad for a week or two. There has been nothing but misfortune ever since the night of your party, Kate. You must never expect me to come to another. It does not do to live a divided life; I have sold all my ornaments to buy simple food."

"Poor Esther! How selfish I have been," cried Kate, clasping her in her arms; "but if you only knew how miserable I am."

"Miserable!" repeated Esther, who thought Kate had been quite contented with the lot she had chosen; "you miserable?"

And then Kate confided to her the source of her unhappiness, and without directly condemning her husband, allowed Esther to perceive exactly how matters stood between them. She, too, counselled acquiescence, and Kate turned from her impatiently.

"Yes—yes, I must go," she said, "but it is against my will, and I shall never be happy again." She shuddered visibly. "Do you know I feel the kind of horror of this voyage which I suppose I would feel if suddenly told I must die!—the kind of pity for myself, and chillness of dread."

Esther tried to comfort her. "It is what we have all been looking forward to. My brothers and sisters

are eager to go; I cannot say that I am, but I dare say it will be my fate."

"Should you not come with us?" said Kate, catching at the idea. "I am sure Harry could do something for the boys."

"It is worth thinking of; but you go so early," said Esther.

"Perhaps if you were going, Harry would wait," said Kate, eagerly. She was young, and though she had abandoned herself to an unhappy fate, she could not help brightening up at the thought of the alleviation presented to her. She took her departure, with a promise on Esther's part to think of the proposition, and on hers to come and ascertain the result.

While speaking to Kate, Esther had seen her brother Martin slip into the house, with his handsome face downcast and miserable. As soon as her visitor was gone she sought him, and found him in the kitchen, his head on his hand, as usual. She sought him first, for there had sprung up a firm alliance between them.

"Here's good news, Martin," she said, touching his arm. "My long-delayed fortune has come at last. It is not a very great one, but it will relieve us of all our present difficulties."

It seemed an immense sum to the lad, and he brightened up at once. His first words were: "Does mother know?"

"Nobody knows yet, but we must get her here and tell her;" and Mary was brought out of the schoolroom (whose occupants were not sorry to be left to their own devices), and told the good news. Unmingled thankfulness was the first feeling in Mary's mind, and in that of every member of the family, as one by one they came to know it. But this was not destined to be of long duration. Martin and Willie began to look as gloomy as ever before the day was out. They had said to one another: "It is her money, and we have no right to touch it;" and when the evening came, they boldly proposed that Esther should lend them enough to go and try their fortunes in the far West. Their old desire to emigrate was upon them stronger than ever.

Mary looked in the face of her eldest daughter as the arbitress of their fate.

"I can bear it if we all go together; not unless," she cried.

Then Esther told them of Mrs. West's proposal, that they should go out in the same ship with her and her husband, and an eager discussion ensued. Martin and Willie urged that time was money, and that every day delayed was lost. Their radiant looks of hope and eagerness appealed to Esther strongly.

"Let us go," she said, deliberately; and in the jubilation which followed, both she and her mother had to hide a sinking of the heart. All the others were delighted with the prospect.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## MARCH BUDS.

THE March buds were out on the sunny sides of the hedgerows, and the daffodils were blowing in crowds at the foot of the orchard, when Timothy Wiggett brought Philip home to his own house. The house missed its mistress, harsh and queer as she had been, and Timothy missed her and mourned for her as better women are not always missed and mourned for.

She had only lived eight days after her rash act, and, strange to say, they had been days of patient suffering. The cold had produced inflammation, under which she sank rapidly, and, with Timothy to nurse her, she passed away in peace, like a fretful child that the mother has at length succeeded in soothing to rest.

"A good job too," murmured the village, which had lain its finger upon a certain newspaper paragraph; "a very good riddance she must be to him. He'll have some peace in his life now."

But the philosophy of the village was entirely at fault. It is true Timothy's troubles were at an end; but it seemed to him that so, too, were his pleasures. He had nobody to love, nobody who cared enough for him to worry and fret over him as Sally had worried and fretted; and so he went about his work, after he had laid her to rest in the village churchyard, a changed man, his mouth drooping at the corners, and his big chest heaving big unconscious sighs.

Easter fell very early that year—to Constance Vaughan the saddest Easter she had yet known. She had always rejoiced in the season as the happiest time of the year—the time of hope, and promise, and renewed beauty, and fresh activity; and though of late her joy had had in it something of the sober sadness which change must always bring to the tender-hearted, still she was strong in youth and hope, and no great sorrow had led her to shrink from the advancing years. But now every day brought with it the certainty of a real parting—of a breach in the home circle only less than death. She could hardly see the March buds blowing without tears. Every token of the coming spring was a token that the time of Kate's departure was drawing nearer and nearer. And Kate was so changed and alienated, that the parting was likely to be bitter indeed. It was a proof of this alienation that she had not at once informed Constance of the fact that the Potters had settled to go out with Harry and her.

On the slightest hint of such a possibility, Harry had bestirred himself to promote the plan. Next to being in motion himself, nothing delighted him so much as setting others in motion. He saw the Potters daily until everything was settled. He urged those who needed urging, and talked, and promised, and smoothed away difficulties. He was delighted with Martin and Willie, and would be

glad to be of use to them. In short, he made it appear an opportunity too precious to be lost. He helped them to secure their passage, and then to choose their outfit, and was none the less friendly with the brothers because they announced their determination to spend as little as possible. They and the younger boys would rough it in the steerage, while their mother, the girls, and the two little ones would go second class. It was all fixed before Constance heard a word about it; and when she did, it was from Esther herself, who had been trusting to Kate to communicate the first intelligence, and was wondering at the silence of her friend.

From Constance Esther did not conceal that the prospect before her was not a happy one. "The nearer it comes," she wrote, "the harder it seems. My heart would fail me if it were not that my mother leans upon me. It is my duty to go, and there is nothing to keep me here. Except yourself there is no one to care for my going, and yet I feel as if bound by the strongest ties. I can hardly bear the thought that the parting is most likely for ever."

Mr. Vaughan was greatly pleased with the unexpected intelligence. Next to his own daughters he liked and admired Esther, and it seemed to him a delightful arrangement—the most fortunate thing for Kate that could possibly have happened. Constance could not but acknowledge that it was, and yet she could not but be sorry to lose her friend as well as her sister. Her feelings began to be in a state of conflict such as she had never known, and she had time to attend to them now; for though her father's chief, indeed only companion, she was often left to her own meditations, while he pursued his favourite studies.

When she sat down to answer Esther's letter, she was thus alone; her father had retired to his study. She occupied one of the windows of the once busy drawing-room, sitting pen in hand, and looking out into the budding garden. She had read Esther's words again, and her mind was soon engaged in reflection upon them. No one to care for her going! What was Mr. Carrington about? He evidently had not followed up the re-introduction gained at Kate's party. Had he changed his mind, or was he labouring under his usual indecision—an indecision which would cost him the loss of his object? She found herself speculating on how he would bear the loss. She thought of Esther gone. Would he turn to her friendship for comfort, and—might not his friendship ripen into love? Whither had her thoughts led her? She covered her face with her hands for inward shame. She hated herself for the thought, which seemed to her a double treason, a treason to both her friends. "No; he shall not let her go. I promised to help him, and I will," she resolved. "I will break one promise in order to keep the other. I will tell Esther that he loves her."



She took up her pen to write, impulsive as ever; but in trying to find the fit words for such a disclosure, her judgment took the place of impulse, and she saw that she might do harm instead of good by such a course. Esther's delicacy would be up in arms. She would be sure to place fresh difficulties in his way, instead of removing any.

Constance had meant that they should meet at Easter, and had written to Mrs. Carrington, inviting her and Mr. Carrington to spend a few days with them then. She had judged it best to mention at the same time that Esther would be with them. Mr. Carrington would see the note, and urge his mother to accept the invitation. Instead of an acceptance, however, a refusal had come. They were going down to Devonshire, and there had been an end of that.

A desperate measure at length suggested itself to Constance. She would write to Mr. Carrington at his chambers. She had never written to him before, and if she wrote now to his mother's house, she must know, and would either inquire into, or misconstrue the circumstance. Mrs. Carrington's intentions with regard to herself, and her motives with regard to Esther, dawned upon her as she meditated, and still further impelled her to act. It was strange that she never for a moment doubted Esther's power to return Carrington's affection. There had been just that amount of confidence between them on the subject which might mislead both. They had both liked and admired him, and both been interested in his character; but his companionship had rather seemed to stimulate their minds than to touch their hearts. Constance judged her friend by herself. The object of the keen and subtle tenderness, the mere reflection of which had penetrated her heart, could not be insensible. The consciousness of love might be shut up and hidden, as the rose in the bud is hidden in its calyx of green, but she did not doubt that it would blossom in the sunshine of his favour.

She took up her pen and wrote, not without agitation, the first lines she had ever written in secret.

They bore witness, in their abruptness, to the state of her mind.

DEAR MR. CARRINGTON,

I promised to help you, and, to redeem my promise, I write to you now. If you wish to see Esther again, you will not go down to Devonshire. You will come here. She will be with us from Thursday till Tuesday. She is going out to Australia with Kate and Harry—she and the whole family. They sail the week after Easter. It was to have been put off for another month, but Harry has arranged it all!

Yours very sincerely,

CONSTANCE VAUGHAN.


"Harry has arranged it all" was dashed underneath with a feeling that he had been the beginning of discord and trouble, and that she would have been glad to blot him out of their lives there and then.

The succeeding days were at once too long and too short for Constance Vaughan—days of feverish impatience and anxiety combined. She was not one who would droop under an unrequited love. There is no necessity to quote concerning her the much-used "worm in the bud." She could feel, and feel deeply; to her active mind and large, liberal culture there were other things in the world worth living for, if equal love should be denied. She could turn from it to the duties of the day—turn resolutely from herself and engage her heart for the welfare of others. In the interval that had passed, she had disciplined herself to this; but she now felt that it would be better for her if all possibility of hope were at an end. In an unguarded moment she had known that it could live.

She now busied herself in preparation for her guests. It had seemed, indeed, at one time, as if Kate would have withdrawn. She had written to say that some friends, whom Harry had picked up in the North, had invited them, and that Harry desired to go for half the week at least. She supposed she had better go with him. But Constance had opposed with such earnest and tender entreaty, that Kate had softened in her mood, and Harry had been prevailed upon to go alone, much to his sister-in-law's secret satisfaction. For a few days, at least, she would have Kate all to herself again.

(To be continued).

## WAITING.

HE comes to me under the greenwood tree,  
Lightly tripping it over the grass—  
Quietly, swiftly, my little lass  
Comes with the heart of her love to me.

Through the branches the moonbeams quiver,  
Lighting the path for her little feet;  
Under the primrose bank so sweet  
Glimmering runs the musical river.

Restful the river sings of love  
To the pines' and beeches' listening rest;

The wakeful rockdove sits on her nest,  
And her mate keeps watch on a branch above.

And under the nest I watch alone,  
Leaning against the dear old tree,  
Till over the dewy sward I see  
Coming, my darling, my love, my own.

Queen of the wide, wide world to me,  
Queen of the night with its balmy airs,  
Queen of the day with its toils and cares,  
Queen of my heart, with her love so free!

See how she glides in the tremulous light,  
Pure as the stars above, and sweet  
As the bending hyacinths under her feet—  
And she glides to meet me, my heart's delight!

Tender, and kind, and true is she;  
My heart is strong when I think of hers:  
Hush, beating heart! through the arching firs  
She comes to me under the greenwood tree.

J. H.

## THE REJECTORS OF OUR LORD.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.

## II.—THE MEN OF NAZARETH.

"All bare him witness, and wondered."—"They rose up and thrust him out of the city."



HOWEVER early this remarkable instance of public fickleness occurred, our Lord had already become famous. In the synagogues of Galilee, he was glorified of all. The fame of him was throughout all the region. He told the Nazarenes that even their hostility would take the form of indignation because he did not in his own country such deeds as they had heard of from Capernaum. We may, to a great extent, regard this narrative as an example of the treatment often received still by a popular and successful messenger of God.

Christ's first words won the hearers' deep attention and gratified their religious sensibilities. If we may suppose that Luke records all our Saviour's text, there is a certain significance in the words at which he paused—"To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord . . . and the day of vengeance of our God." He stops in the middle of the verse; by-and-by his mission would be to threaten, as well as to invite; but not yet, for until they show the hardness of their hearts, he will show nothing but the tenderness of his.

The words he takes are from the heart of Isaiah's Messianic prophecy, and his assertion that "they are this day fulfilled," is an implied claim to be regarded as the Christ. That claim is admitted, or at least not rejected. His reference to the relief of poverty, sorrow, and blindness falls not upon unfeeling hearts; they bear him witness, and wonder at his gracious words.

And so the great difficulty in our own day is not in finding the way to men's sensibilities; the wonder is rather that such coarse and blundering appeals as we often hear meet with so ready a response. The heart of a crowd is always touched more easily than that of a single hearer; and if one is content to dwell upon the sweetness of Christ's character, the grace of Christ's work, the love which receives the worst and vilest, there will be a certain melting of men's affections, a certain moistness in women's eyes, nearly as genuine, very nearly as lasting and valuable, as that which the last novel managed to produce.

Especially if one has already a great name, crowds

will gather, the eyes of all will be fixed upon him, men will almost seem consciously to offer him their emotions, as instruments upon which to make the best music he can; and if the result answer to their hopes, they will too gladly depart with the notion that he has done a deep and practical work, and that they have enjoyed much of the pleasure of true religion.

Such hearers have always a dash of the critical mingled in their admiration. Instead of setting themselves to do the things he teaches, instead of being hushed and awed by any practical application of his words, they praise him; "bear him witness," when they should obey; and "wonder at the gracious words," which were intended for some other use than to provoke astonishment. This idle admiration is one of the greediest fowls which take away good seed out of the heart. It seems very harmless, even very laudable, to talk loudly about the last new glimpse of divine truth and love; but in fact the clamour is too often as the blowing away of steam, which, had it been compressed and saved, would have impelled ponderous machinery. The more whistling and vapour, the less work.

To patronise a teacher of righteousness, and confer our approbation as a condescending act of goodness, is surely ruinous to his real influence. Yet there seems a tendency toward this impertinence in the Nazarene admirers of our Lord. "They said, Is not this the carpenter's son?" not, perhaps, as a difficulty which barred his claim, but as a remarkable fact. There are people still who go about from one lay preacher to another, and the chief impression made upon them seems to be summed up in the remark—"And then, you must remember, he has scarcely had any advantages."

Jesus Christ was not likely to content himself with any such slight and superficial impression upon his hearers' minds. He meets the difficulty as it ought to be met still, by pressing home other truths, less luxurious, more searching and unpleasant. He begins to tell them of a special danger that beset them, of a disappointment they were to suffer, of privileges in which they claimed a monopoly, but which were in truth to be shared by men whom they despised.

The danger was that of familiarity. "No pro-

phet is accepted in his own country." This is not a law of Providence, or Christ would not have sought to break it, by preaching there: it is a matter of general experience. One has not full weight among people whose respect has been blunted by years of familiar intercourse. The brethren of Jesus knew him far too well to suspect him of imposture, and yet for a good while they did not believe in his claim, and could frame no theory for his conduct except that he was mad.

This is one reason of what has pained and scandalised some—the frequency with which children of faithful parents, and especially of ministers, have broken away from the restraints of religion. If there be any tinge of asceticism, of morbidness, of sternness or weakness in their father's piety, to prevent it from attracting or from controlling their hearts, their familiarity begins to breed contempt, and what people think to be their advantages, become very serious stumbling-blocks instead. The same remark holds good of all who have long sat under a searching ministry, and resisted its influence. The well-known person of the teacher, his habits, his individualities, seem to bring him down to the common level; and his truth suffers with himself. Nothing but real faith and genuine love can resist this subtle influence stealing so slowly and silently upon the soul, and yet lulling it into so deep a slumber.

The disappointment was to their curiosity. They were looking for miracles; whatever was done at Capernaum should be done there also. Now the end which miracles work toward was already accomplished when they "bare him witness;" and, therefore, they had no such claim upon him as the strangers had, and the wonders which they regarded more as strange phenomena to enjoy, than as signs to profit by, were justly and properly withheld.

Does it never happen in what are called revival times, when the breath of the Spirit is heard going far and wide over the nations, when the arrows of the Lord are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies, and the profane and ungodly are turning to their Saviour in multitudes, that the well-instructed professor begins to look for some convulsion in *his* heart, or at least in his vicinity, also; and if it does not come, thinks himself robbed of a privilege, and treated with less than justice? But what could the wind, the earthquake, and the fire do for such a one, which the still small voice has not already done? The sinful may be stopped—he has been arrested long ago. The doubter may be impressed—he is not a sceptic, nor yet heedless. All that emotion ever effects, is to lead one up to the point where his own free spirit may accept or reject God—a point to which our regular worshippers have long since, for good or evil, been

more softly and easily conducted. The wind blows over them, and stirs not the level surface of their lives; even as the miracles, for which Nazareth sighed, were not given to the town which had known our Lord from childhood, seen his grace of life, and been penetrated by his gracious words.

He also declared against their claim of a Jewish monopoly of grace, reminding them, even from Old Testament sources, of the Syrian and the Sidonian who were relieved, while Hebrew lepers and widows languished on in disease and want. That was too heavy a strain upon the patience so severely taxed before, and a common impulse urged them to murder him upon whose words they lately hung entranced. So did their compatriots give audience unto Paul, until he spoke of being sent to the Gentiles; then they cried out, "Away with such a fellow from the earth." And it is still the common impulse of every creed and party to deny salvation to all who will not speak their dialect and adopt their customs, as well as believe in their Christ. We know the intolerance of Rome; but we sometimes forget that Hooker was persecuted for hoping that some Romanists might be saved. The most rigorous sectarians often call each other very ugly names; and few of us bear fully in mind the difference between holding to a party and holding the Head. When shall we come back to the large-hearted catholicity of him who said, "Grace be with all those who love our Lord Jesus in incorruptibility" (sincerity)? Not until the honour of our Saviour is dearer to us than the honour of his instruments below; not until we learn to think more of what is done for him than of the means; not until we yearn for his glory so ardently and purely as to rejoice in every beam of his splendour, although it should light up the face of one whom we had not learned to call our brother.

It is wrong to despise organisations and systems; but it is an equal mistake to put them in the place of what they exist for. The Jews had much advantage, and circumcision had much profit every way; and yet they had no exclusive claim to the blessings which Messiah brought. One who neglects the evidence of humility, faith, self-denial, and zeal, because they do not exist in the same communion with himself, ought to maintain that vines in the open air are no vines, because a hot-house is their most fitting place. You can very consistently admit their reality, without ceasing to value the heat which develops them most fully.

But the whole narrative suggests another warning. The Nazarenes revolted against the teaching of Christ, not because his new quotations were less true than his old one, but because they were less pleasant.

Nothing can make one safe against such revolt but a sincere desire to understand all the mind of the Lord; to submit prejudice, selfish exclusiveness, old predilections, to that one inevitably righteous test, and accept his will with a child's

unquestioning trust. We want more obedience to truth as truth, or rather as the decision of infinite wisdom, tenderness, and power. Their opposition did not snatch away the Gentiles' share of privilege but it did forfeit their own.

### GRAVES THAT APPEAR NOT



There are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them." What difficult words these are to the mere English reader! And how a person, who has only been accustomed to the calm repose of a country churchyard, must wonder what peculiar risk to a passer-by can arise from "graves that appear not!" If there is nothing to mark their site, "and the men that walk over them are not aware of them," the fact that they present a smooth and unbroken surface might be taken as proof of the absence of all peril to even the most incautious traveller. Thus, then, our Lord's warning against a latent danger is evacuated, if not altogether lost; all sense of the propriety and force of the similitude is missed. But that which is very difficult to understand in England, becomes intelligible in Morocco. Many a scripture illustration may be profitably worked out in a country which is rich in primitive tradition, and which offers to a stranger fresh from Europe, some such scene of costume and manners as that in which the patriarchs themselves may have played a part.

Immediately outside the gate of Tangier lies what we may be allowed to call the cemetery, and a chanting and wailing company are breasting the hill at a trot. They are too much in a hurry for our ideas of solemnity: nevertheless, they are making for an open grave, and are carrying a shrouded corpse upon their shoulders. Let us follow them, as best we may.

It is but a step from the market-place to the burial-ground, and there is nothing to mark where one ends and the other begins. There is no wall or fence, and the first signs of the solemn purpose to which the ground is turned, are gathered from little whitewashed strips of stone, peeping out among palmetto bushes, and long rank grass. Nearer inspection shows that these are four low walls, about six feet long by three wide. They do not support a roof, and the only purpose which they seem to serve, is to shelter a most exuberant crop of weeds and thistles. These are the graves of richer citizens, and the whitewashed stones appear to be the highest known specimens of decorative art. Right and left the slope is thickly studded with these monotonous memorials of mortality.

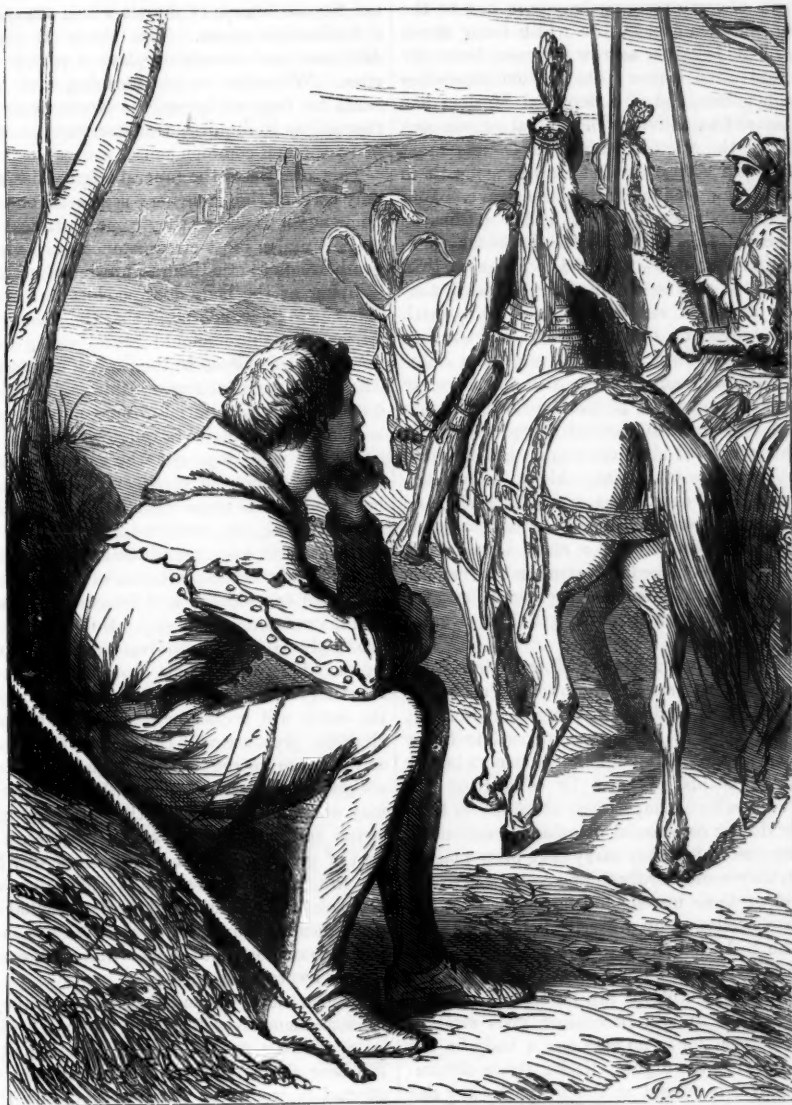
In some such place as this lived the demoniac, who had "his dwelling amongst the tombs." An armful of straw, or dry leaves, would turn one of these sepulchres into a comparatively luxurious retreat for persons who have been long accustomed to bivouac in the open air.

As if to imprint this story of the Gospel demoniac on the imagination of a traveller, with a clearness and precision which it never possessed before, a half-naked madman emerges from a neighbouring thicket, and with hideous contortions of face and limb, sets up the never-failing claim for money. He evidently is not accustomed to refusal. The defiant insolence with which he extends his palm, suggests that, under provocation, he might use the hammer, which he balances in his left hand, to give effect to his importunity. Throw him a trifling coin, and, after eyeing it with the malignant cunning of a monkey, he deliberately beats it out of all shape by half-a-dozen smart strokes from his weapon. What becomes of the flattened and disfigured piece of money, it would be hard to say. Most likely, with a feeling of acquisitiveness which has survived the nobler faculties of his mind, he buries it in some snug retreat, and ages after the poor maniac has passed to his rest, the spade or ploughshare may reveal his discoloured treasure. Madmen like this are too plentiful in the neighbourhood of Moorish towns to make graveyard musings either safe or pleasant to a stranger.

Thickly strewn around the "whited sepulchres" which cover the bones of those who are wealthy enough to be distinguished, even in death, from the less honoured remnants of mortality which surround them, lie the graves of humbler citizens. They are perfectly flat, and are clumsily marked out with rough stones, picked up at random. Their appearance is that of ill-bordered garden-plots, where weeds are growing instead of flowers. A piece of wood about eight or ten inches high, shows the head and feet, and helps to strengthen the resemblance to some weird-like attempt at horticulture. This is the nearest approach to ornament, and no mention is made of the deceased's age, sex, parentage, station, or virtues. Saving the whited walls already mentioned, uniformity of desolation reigns throughout the graveyard.

The way in which these graves are prepared de-





(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"Sittest thou by the wayside,  
While others on before thee ride."—p. 347.

serves especial notice. A strip of ground about seven feet by three is measured out, and is dug down to the depth of a foot. In the middle of this a slit of corresponding length is dug to the depth of eighteen inches, the width being about twelve. This is rather narrow accommodation for a moderate-sized corpse; but custom prescribes these dimensions, and if a departed Moslem has shown himself so oblivious of funeral regulations as to exceed the allotted inches, his friends must dispose of the corpse as best they can, for there is no such thing as enlarging the grave. Into the slit the body must go. If by fair means, so much the better; if not, a little judicious packing and pushing must be tried. There is this, however, to be said in favour of the deceased, that the body is placed sideways in the grave, with the head resting on the right hand, and the face turned towards Mecca. This arrangement helps to economise the scanty space. Still, the corpse of a stout man (and most of the town-bred Moors are fat) must require an amount of rude handling from which civilised ideas of reverent burial would revolt. When the friends are able to afford it, a coffin is made of exactly the size of the slit, and whatever compression may be needed is done at home. In ordinary cases a coffin is not used, but the body is swathed in linen, and carried on a bier. The funeral rites are very simple, and the prevailing idea seems to be to get them over as soon as possible.

To a stranger witnessing a Moorish burial for the first time, the sense of *hurry* is that which will strike him as its distinguishing characteristic. Azrael, the Angel of Death, is supposed to hover over a new-made grave, and the mourners betray their dread of his presence by conducting the funeral rites with an impatience which leaves little room for decent ceremonial or solemn meditation. If the corpse which they carry had been plague-stricken, they could hardly show greater eagerness to get rid of their unwelcome burden. Death is immediately followed by prescribed ablutions, after which the body is borne to the mosque. If it happens to arrive at any of the customary hours of prayer, some devotions are hastily discharged. But oftener the funeral procession goes straight to the cemetery; for in no case can a body be left unburied during the night. Under these circumstances prayer is offered at the grave by any one who may be disposed to volunteer his services. Fragments of the Koran supply the materials of this exercise, varied by the inevitable refrain, "There is no God but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

A sprig or two of palmetto is placed at the bottom of the grave, and immediately above it a board, to prevent the earth from touching the corpse. This is then covered with soil, which is

carefully flattened down, so that in a few hours' time it would be impossible to discover that a departed Moslem was resting beneath, were it not for the branch of myrtle which always marks a fresh-made grave. The shrub is sacred to Mahomet, and invariably plays a part in funeral rites. Whatever mystic meaning may lurk beneath its fragrant leaves, the Moors never trouble themselves to inquire; tradition supplies the place of reason and common sense.

This completes the funeral solemnities, and the only care of the mourners seems to be to hurry home again as fast as they came. Stoical as they may be under most circumstances, the vicinity of death seems to stir them to unwonted activity.

Lying as the body does so close to the surface, it is not to be wondered at that the steamy heat of African sunshine should reveal the grave of a newly-buried corpse to the nose, if not to the eye. The evil odour is at times insufferable, and makes a stroll through a burial-ground as dangerous to health as it is repulsive to religious feeling. Sometimes the wild dogs cut the nuisance short by scratching away the earth, and tearing aside the board. Even if these signs of a violated grave were wanting, the surfeited look of the wolfish dogs that still hang round the scene of their feast, would testify to the heartiness of the recent meal. They are too bloated and languid even to snarl at the intruding passer-by. But, supposing that the body is allowed to rest in peace, and that hyenas, dogs, and jackals abstain from rifling the sanctuary of the dead, the board which supports the earth will, sooner or later, begin to rot. The slightest pressure will cause it to fall in, so that, as there are no regular roads, and the traveller is obliged to pick out his own path as best he may, it may easily happen that in threading the mazes of cistus and palmetto, his horse may tread upon a spot of ground which instantly gives way beneath his feet, and the discomfited rider discovers, at the risk of his limbs, what is the peculiar danger which lies hidden in the words, "Ye are as graves that appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them."

Women never attend funerals, but they compensate themselves for their absence by keeping up a running fire of piercing shrieks at home. Whether these signs of lamentation are real or affected it would be hard to say, but they are sufficiently painful to ring in the ear for days after they have been heard. The first cry of the hyena and the first wail of a mourning woman are sounds which the memory retains among its most unpleasant impressions. Custom requires the female members of a family to pay a visit to the grave the day after the funeral. This is repeated at intervals, and specially on Fridays, when the cemetery is alive with quaint-looking figures,

wrapped from head to foot in coarse woollen blanket-stuff, which, from its yellow and unwholesome look, gives them very much the air of the corpses which they have come to bewail.

The constancy with which visits to the burial-ground are performed by women can hardly fail to recall the touching incident in Mary's lamentation for her brother: "She goeth unto the grave to weep there." If the warm-hearted sister's mourning was less noisy, it certainly was also more real than the grief which Moorish women of the present day are accustomed to exhibit. They commonly go out to the cemetery in parties of three and four. The noisy talking and laughter which betray the presence of these little groups would seem to show that their grief is not altogether inconsolable. As women are strictly confined to the house, except upon special occasions, and are entirely cut off from the excitement of parties and entertainments, they seize upon the opportunity of indulging in a little gossip and cracking a harmless joke at the expense of the "infidel" stranger who is picking his way among them. Presently, however, the laugh ceases, and the wailing commences with a vigour that supplies, as far as noise goes, a most pathetic commentary on the endearing qualities of the deceased. A few rounds of this distracted wailing, and then the gossiping begins anew. And so the afternoon is spent, till, with a prolonged howl, that would be a creditable perform-

ance for a pack of hungry jackals, the lamenting females rise, and turn their faces towards the town.

When women are buried, the ceremonial is much the same as in the case of men, except that they are laid in the grave by their nearest male relative, and that a blanket is held before the spectators, so that the process of interment may not be witnessed by an inquisitive looker-on. Great crowds usually attend a funeral. It would seem to be a point of honour, and, probably, of religion also, to fall in when a funeral train passes by. The bearers are never paid, but render their services as a matter of course.

Such is an outline of Moorish funeral rites; and there, on the sunny hill-side, thousands of human beings have been laid to rest; for it was a burial-ground long years before the Moslem hosts marched across it to go forth and conquer Spain. But though the myrtle sheds its fragrance round, and a nightingale is singing from a neighbouring thicket, an Englishman's heart must be heavy as he stands in the midst of this scene of desolation. How unlike what a burial-ground should be! Not one emblem of hope is to be seen. The graves are uncared for, and are rudely trampled on by the passing horseman. Goats, and mules, and even camels snatch a meal from the tufts of rankly luxuriant grass. The place is, in a word, what the false religion of the Prophet has made it—hopeless desolation.

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BY THE WAYSIDE.

**S**ITTEST thou by the wayside,  
While others on before thee ride,  
And thine ungrateful heart doth bleed,  
That chance hath given thee never a steed?

Sittest thou by the wayside  
With spite of envy, scorn of pride,  
And holdest every forward knight  
A shame and slander on thy right?

Many a churl may ride that way;  
'Tis not for them to bid thee stay;

There's danger in whip, in spur, in girth,  
And many a churl may greet the earth.

Better to think in thy distress  
They're true knights who before thee press,  
Than brood o'er fancied slights and hurts—  
Perchance these measure thine own deserts.

Sit no more by the wayside  
In watchful spite at those who ride;  
For all their steeds and spurs to boot,  
May be thou'lt win the race afoot.

WILLIAM DUTHIE.

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THE MEMORIAL IN HYDE PARK TO THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

**S**EVERAL years now have succeeded to each other since England learned, with sad surprise, that a great sorrow had fallen upon the highest home in the realm. The Prince Consort had died in the prime of life, and our Queen was a widow. The death of the Prince was soon followed by his funeral; and then, while the

universal sorrow for his loss was still fresh, it naturally became a national desire that a fitting monument should be erected to his memory. Without doubt, the bereaved sovereign, with pious care, would take upon herself the duty of providing for his honoured remains a becoming resting-place, and here and there throughout the British empire statues and commemorative

structures would be certain in due time to arise, all of them tributes of local respect and affection, and all of them alike dedicated to the memory of the Prince Consort. But, besides these, there must also be in London a special memorial, which should be a national work and have a national character; which should be (and by universal consent should be considered to be) the monument that his adopted country had erected to commemorate the name of her illustrious son.

That a resolution would be adopted to erect a national memorial to the Prince Consort was, indeed, but a certain consequence of his having died. And so, accordingly, it was resolved that a national memorial should become a reality, and that it should be worthy as well of the nation as of the Prince. But a serious difficulty sprung up, as soon as the character of the memorial was taken into consideration. In strong contrast to the unanimity of feeling which had animated the promoters of the project, was the diversity of sentiments and opinions and wishes which prevailed concerning the memorial itself. Scarcely any imaginable proposition that was altogether inconsistent, and almost if not absolutely unworthy, was without its devoted and strenuous advocates. Time wore on; the first freshness of the national mourning passed away, taking with it the original earnestness of the promoters of the national memorial, and yet the realisation of the plan appeared as remote as ever, because of the apparently insuperable difficulty attending the acceptance of any one particular form of memorial. At length the decision of the Queen brought to a close this strange cause of delay; and a design, prepared by the eminent Gothic architect, Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., was accepted, with the cordial approval of Her Majesty, whose favourable opinion was supported and confirmed by the approval of the public at large.

Thus, after no inconsiderable delay, the national memorial to the Prince Consort was commenced in earnest; and the work has been carried on with sustained energy and never-failing devotion. All that it has been possible to do has been done to expedite the progress of this great work; but, nevertheless, the memorial, though sufficiently advanced to admit of a detailed description, cannot possibly be pronounced finished for some considerable time. This prolonged delay, indeed, arises and is inseparable from the very grandeur and dignity of the memorial itself. So, while we should naturally desire to see a monument completed almost as soon as a funeral has been solemnised, it is a necessity of a noble memorial that it cannot possibly be constructed until after many months, or perhaps several years, shall have passed away.

The memorial which now is in the course of

erection from Mr. Scott's design, may be considered to be composed of four great parts or divisions, which may be described as follows:—First, a grand commemorative portrait-statue of the Prince Consort, of colossal size; second, an architectural canopy, which covers the statue, and is crowned with a lofty spire; third, a series of sculptures, consisting of various groups of figures, all of them works of the highest order of art, to be executed by different artists of distinguished reputation; and fourth, a spacious, elevated platform, in the midst of which the canopied statue is to be placed. To these four principal divisions of the memorial, may be added a fifth division beneath the surface of the ground, comprising the deep foundations of concrete, seventeen feet in thickness, resting on a very firm and hard gravel, upon which are built a series of solid arches of the most massive strength.

The site of the memorial is as nearly as possible the centre of the original Crystal Palace, the building constructed for the first great International Exhibition of the year 1851. From what has already been stated, it will be understood that the memorial itself is a canopied statue. I will now endeavour to give some description of the manner in which, in this memorial, the idea of a canopied statue has been carried out.

The great platform, 76 feet square, from the centre of which the structure rises, is approached by three distinct flights of granite steps, with broad intervening terraces, and massive abutments of solid granite. The lowermost flight of steps measures 212 feet on each of its four sides, and the second or central flight measures 133 feet. Some idea of the scale on which the whole work is executed may be gathered from the fact, that each one of the granite slabs which form the pavements of the two terraces, weighs from nine to twelve tons. The pavement of the platform above the uppermost flight of steps is inlaid with beautiful tiles. The whole of this portion of the memorial is complete; so also is the actual structure of the spire-crowned canopy, which, with its cross-finial, now rises to its full height of 176 feet. What yet remains to be done, is the rich gilding that is to be introduced upon the spire and canopy; the great pictures in mosaic, indestructible as they are brilliant, the works of Dr. Salvati, of Venice, which are to be introduced above the four great arches of the canopy; and various decorative accessories, such as polished masses of crystal, jasper, and other costly stones, and small slabs of variously-coloured enamel, that will be scattered lavishly, and at the same time with consummate skill and judgment, over the whole work.

The lofty-vaulted canopy, with its four noble



arches, rises from the splendid sculptured capitals of four clusters of granite columns, one cluster standing at each angle of the composition. In each of these clusters, besides a central pillar, there are eight shafts, four of red and four of grey granite, all of them wrought with unsurpassed skill, and polished till they are bright as mirrors. The spire rises in stages above the actual criciform roofs of the vaulting of the canopy, each stage becoming smaller in its extent as it rises higher, until a noble Latin cross terminates the whole. Numerous statues cluster about the several stages of this glorious spire, and enhance the dignity of the structure, while they add to its richness with an effectiveness peculiar to themselves.

All the statues and figures in relief are to be executed in a Sicilian marble of extraordinary hardness and closeness of texture; from its sharp, metallic ring when struck by the hammer, it has been called Campanella. And this stubborn marble has been chosen, not, indeed, for the purpose of enhancing the difficulties of the sculptor's task, but because it promises, beyond all other known substances, to resist the influences of our climate. The well-known "Marble Arch" in Hyde Park, which is made of the same material, retains its freshness and the sharpness of its cutting unimpaired.

At the four angles of the second terrace—to be placed each on an immense mass of carved granite—will be as many colossal groups, emblematical of the four quarters of the globe, from whence came, responsive to the invitation of the Prince, contributors to his International Exhibition. *Europe*, with "Europa" carried by the bull—the subject being treated with no less of originality than of masterly power—is the work of Mr. McDowell. *Asia*, seated on a kneeling elephant, and surrounded by a characteristic group, has many claims on the accomplished chisel of Mr. Foley. A kneeling camel, supporting an Egyptian queen, with attendant figures, personify *Africa*. This subject, which has been confided to Mr. Theed, in some of its parts is in an advanced state, but, up to the point at which we write, the marble for the principal figure has not yet been touched. *America* appears mounted on a bison; and Mr. Bell has surrounded his primary group with figures, which faithfully represent the various regions of the West.

A second series of sculptures, also comprising four groups of colossal proportions, is to occupy corresponding positions at the four angles of the true basement of the canopy. These groups, severally allegorical of *Agriculture*, *Manufactures*, *Commerce*, and *Engineering*, are in the hands of Mr. Marshall, Mr. Weeks, Mr. Thornycroft, and Mr. Lawlor. Their subjects have been carefully

and happily embodied in their compositions by these gentlemen, and all their groups are advancing towards completion; the "Agriculture" of Mr. Marshall, indeed, is finished, and ready to assume its destined position.

To these isolated groups are to be added the frieze-like compositions that encompass, with continuous groups, the four sides of the basement of the canopied structure. Faced with blocks of the Sicilian campanella marble, which are built up into the solid mass of the edifice, this basement rests on a bold, moulded plinth of red granite, and it is surmounted by a cornice of pink granite that is equally bold and rich, and also is wrought to an exquisite polish. Mr. Philip and Mr. Armstead are the two sculptors who have been commissioned to execute, each of them, nearly one hundred figures of full life-size, in the campanella. Mr. Philip's figures represent Architecture and Sculpture, in the persons of eminent architects and sculptors of all ages and countries; and in like manner portrait-statues of great poets and musicians are introduced by Mr. Armstead, to represent Poetry and Music. Many of the figures stand out in full relief, and others are projected, by various degrees, in advance of the rest, which are bas-reliefs. About one-half of the whole of each sculptor's work is almost finished, and, doubtless, they will press forward the remaining two halves. When completed and set free from the working-sheds that now are built over them, these marble assemblages of masters in art will certainly claim to be regarded with unqualified admiration.

Such, very concisely told, is the tale of the National Prince Consort Memorial, in its present condition. It is a grand and a splendid work. As a monument to an individual personage of our own times, in both splendour and grandeur, it is without a rival in the world. And we ourselves may regard it with especial satisfaction, because it is so thoroughly an English work—the design by an English architect, and, with the sole exception of Salviati's mosaic, the whole the production of English artists and English workmen. All have worked well together, and each individual has done his best. The architect has been admirably seconded and supported by the artists with whom in this great work he has been allied; and in the architect all the artists have recognised a master spirit, under whose general inspiration they could work with cordial sympathy and implicit confidence. The memorial will indeed prove to have been a work of time; but none will be disposed eventually to complain of this, when they see how truly worthy the memorial will be to become a work for all time.

CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

## THE SISTERS.



OTHER, isn't Lotty to come to school this morning?"

At this question, Mrs. Brandram turned half round from the great wooden trough, full of dough she was kneading into loaves, and looked doubtfully at a little girl sitting on the step, her head leaning against the doorway, and a book in her lap.

She, too, turned round a little at the question, and glanced up at her mother wistfully. The girl who had spoken was pretty, rosy, and well grown; the child, two or three years younger, sitting on the step, was small, pale, and thin, with a heavy, languid look in her dark eyes when she raised them, that made the mother say, after an instant—

"No, not this morning, I think, Carry; the day is going to be a very warm one, and it is a long walk to school."

The child settled herself back into her old position with a little sigh of relief, while her sister flounced out of the room, without speaking, into the cupboard in the passage where school hats and cloaks were kept, pulled her own hat down from its especial peg with a jerk, tied it on her head with the same superabundant energy, caught up her book-bag, and marched out of the house.

It was a lovely, still morning in early summer. By-and-by, when the light morning clouds had drifted away, and the sun was higher, it would be, as Mrs. Brandram said, "very hot," but now the dew still sparkled on the shady side of the hedges; all the gems of Aladdin's garden gleamed out from them at Carry as she passed along; the scent of hay came up from the meadows and the leaves rustled gently round her; all the sweet sights, and scents, and sounds of a summer morning stole softly about the footsteps of the angry girl, as if they would win her to gentle thoughts, only Carry resolutely shut eyes, and ears, and heart to all such gentle teaching.

"I declare it's a shame," she said to herself, "the way mother pets and pampers Lotty, and encourages her to sham ill to get off school and going of errands, and doing anything but mope about with a book, and amuse herself. 'She can't do this, and mustn't do the other,' because she looks pale. As if it wasn't some folks' nature to look pale, and others' to have red faces. I declare it makes me sick, the way mother lets her go on."

The pace at which she walked under the influence of these thoughts, her carelessness as to whether she kept the sunny or the shady side of the way, was enough to make her sick also; but in the indulgence of her angry jealousy, she forgot all bodily discomforts.

Yet Carry Brandram was not naturally a cruel or

an unkind sister; once or twice in her short lifetime little Lotty had passed out of her usual state of general delicacy and fragility into one of severe illness and danger. At these times Carry was the kindest, the most devoted of nurses; there was nothing she would not do, nothing she would not give up for Lotty, as long as the fear of losing her remained; but I am sorry to say with the subsidence of that fear the jealousy Carry had allowed herself to cherish of her ailing little sister gained ground once more, and at times impelled her to acts of unkindness towards her, which, in her better moods, she would have hated herself for.

Ah, let no one think they may cherish thoughts of bitterness, envy, uncharitableness, and yet stop short of deeds; sooner or later the envious and jealous thought, the bitter, unloving one will bear fruit, will pass into deeds never to be undone in this world, though every tear we have were shed to wipe them out.

Through all the morning's work at school Carry nursed her jealous anger and sense of injury till it flamed higher than ever. More than once she received a rebuke for carelessness and inattention, which was no wonder; in the angry preoccupation of her thoughts, she scarcely heard the voices of her class-mates, or the lesson they were repeating. So the morning wore on slowly to an end. The day chanced to be a half-holiday, so that when school broke up at noon the children dispersed at once to their homes.

Lotty turned an eager and happy little face towards her sister's sullen one when by-and-by Carry entered. The ground round her was strewn with shreds and patches of bright-coloured prints, which she was fashioning into patchwork with the best ability of her small fingers.

"Look, Carry, at what mother has given me—all these, and these. There are enough for you too, if you will have some."

"Keep them yourself," answered Carry, sullenly, and passed on with hardly a glance at what the child offered her. To the flame of such wrath as she was nursing fuel is hardly ever wanting; even this little incident added bitterness to hers.

"When I asked mother one day for some bits for patchwork, she said she had none," she thought. "She could find them for Lotty, it seems."

Mrs. Brandram's family was large, her life a very busy one—too busy for her to be able to give that heed to her children's various moods which a careful mother knows is necessary. She had five or six sons, but no daughter older than Carry, so that she had but little assistance in her many household labours except what the latter could give her, out of school hours.

On this afternoon she suddenly called to her eldest daughter, as the girl was sullenly poring over a book open on her knees:—

"Carry, I want you to go with this basket to the Acra Farm. I promised to send up the butter as soon as it was made."

"Is the basket heavy?" asked Carry, getting up slowly. "Can't Lotty take it? My head aches with the sun this morning."

"I doubt it's too far for Lotty," said Mrs. Brandram, hesitating.

"It's not a mile, and she's not been to school, so she can't be tired, and the sun isn't hot to hurt her now," Carry went on, as her mother looked undecided.

"Well—well, tell her to take the basket, and go at once, then." And Mrs. Brandram hurried away again, too busy to give the matter much consideration after all.

With spiteful pleasure, that she would justly have detested herself for at another time, Carry hastened to take Lotty from her picture-books and her patchwork, and send her forth on her mother's errand.

"Am I to go by myself?" the child inquired, rather dolefully, as she announced it.

"Of course you are, and to carry the basket into the bargain. I have to do such things often enough, and now it's your turn, mother says."

"Did mother say so?" inquired Lotty, getting up slowly.

"Of course she did," answered Carry, bouncing away after this perversion of the truth. "And you're to be quick, mind, and not sit down every half-dozen yards to rest, as you always want to be doing."

Lotty took up the basket, and went away without saying any more. But for many a yard of the pretty meadow path everything looked dim and misty through the tears that gathered in her dark eyes and rolled one by one down her pale little face. She had the sensitive temperament that often accompanies a feeble frame, and shrank under, without resenting, Carry's hard unkindness.

Ah! be gentle, be pitiful, be kind, if not for others' sake, then at least for our own, lest to us there come a day such as came to Carry Brandram, when every angry thought, every cold and cruel word, came back to wring the bitterest tears that are shed in this sorrowful world—the tears of anguished remorse, of unavailing regret.

Meanwhile little Lotty was trudging patiently onward with her basket. The load was not a heavy one, except for such slender little arms as hers. Very often the basket was shifted from one hand to the other, and more than once, in spite of what Carry had said about sitting down, the child was fain to rest for a few minutes at a time. She was a timid little thing, and easily frightened; the very fact of being alone, and several long fields' distance from her home, made her heart beat quickly, and

her dark eyes glance round her with quick, anxious looks. Once, when she was sitting on a low bank beneath a hedge for a few minutes, a sudden snorting sound, and a rush of hot breath close past her cheek from behind, made her spring wildly up from her seat and look fearfully back, to see the mild face of a friendly cow looking at her over the low hedge. Another time a huge, shaggy dog ran barking from the doorway of a shed as she passed, but stopped short when he saw how very small and weak the foe was, and gave her a kind look instead. These were little dangers, but they seemed great to the timid child; and coming presently to where a pretty little brown streamlet wandered away across the meadows, between rows of pollard willows, she sat down on the little bridge that crossed it, to get over the quick beating of her heart, caused by the onslaught of the dog.

It was pleasant sitting here, she thought, with her feet hanging down over the little stream that went singing softly on its path over the coloured stones and brown sand; pleasant to watch the shimmer and sparkle of the water in the sunshine, and how it stole into the cool shadows of the trees, and left all its brightness behind for a few minutes, only to take it up farther on again. She was sitting noting all this, when a voice close beside her made her start and look up, to see her sister Carry's wrathful face close beside her. Poor little Lotty flushed up, and rose to her feet, taking up her basket at the same time.

"Go! there! I have no patience with you, lazy little thing! Give me the basket, and go home, do!"

"I can take it, Carry. I was only resting a minute because a dog in there frightened me," faltered Lotty, shrinking under her sister's angry eyes, and clinging to her basket.

"Go home, I tell you! mother says you are to!" answered Carry, stamping her foot. "Give me the basket, I say!"

She snatched it from the frightened child, pushed her roughly out of her path, and hurried across the bridge without ever looking back. In her passion, she had never noticed how near the child stood to the unprotected edge of the little bridge, nor cared what force was in the push she gave her. Lotty staggered under it, and fell backwards into the water.

To her dying day Carry will remember that moment when she turned and saw the little bridge vacant. She could not see the water, for it ran far down between the banks in summer; but she knew where Lotty was. For one horrible minute her feet seemed rooted to the ground. She tried to run back, but could not move; tried to scream for help, and her voice was only a hoarse whisper.

After this she could never recall distinctly what happened. She knew that help came, but not by her—oh! no, no, not through her—that she saw

the small figure with wet garments clinging pitifully about the slender limbs, with dripping hair, falling wildly away from the pale face, lifted in a man's strong, tender arms, borne away to a neighbouring cottage, and so out of her sight.

She crept after them then, and, with frightened, tearless eyes, hung about the door of the room into which the child had been taken. She would have prayed to be let in to see Lotty, but dared not; so she waited about, trying to learn something from the faces of the women who came and went from the room.

At last it came. The little one was not dead—was sensible—was able to speak—had asked for her mother. When Carry heard this, the tears that hitherto seemed to have been frozen up at their source rained down at last in torrents. She dashed away from the kind detaining hand of the woman who had told her, and went out and threw herself on her face among the grass, in a rapture of thanksgiving and repentance and love.

She never knew how long she had lain there, when a hand on her shoulder roused her. She looked up to see the face of the kind neighbour who had spoken to her before.

"My dear, your sister is asking for you," she said, quietly; but there were traces of tears on her face, and her voice was grave and low.

"Oh, Mrs. Weston! I hardly deserve to see Lotty!" burst from Carry; "do you know that I pushed her into the water? Yes. I didn't mean to do it; but I was angry. If she had not been saved! if she had been drowned! if I had lost her!"

"Hush, my dear; now, come and see your sister."

"Is mother here? Is Lotty going home?" asked Carry, as she followed her.

"Going home!" repeated Mrs. Weston; "yes, Carry, your sister is going home."

Something in her voice and manner sent a chill through the girl; she said no more, but followed her, trembling, she scarce knew why.

Little Lotty lay raised high among pillows, her dark eyes open and wistful.

They turned on Carry as she entered, and something like a smile came to the little parted lips. One of her hands was folded in her mother's breast, who knelt with bowed face beside her. She lifted the other as Carry came near, and feebly drew her sister's face down beside her own.

There was a hush in the room: no one moved, no one spoke. Presently the little hand round Carry's neck slipped from its resting-place, and those who looked on, knew that little Lotty had indeed gone home.

Children who read this story, children who are what Carry Brandram was—envious, jealous, passionate—be warned by Carry's punishment. None of us can venture to limit the cost of a word spoken—a deed done—in anger; none of us can cherish bitter

thoughts, and say they shall never bear fruit in deeds.

As for Carry, humbled, broken-hearted, sorrowful Carry, she must be laid beside Lotty in the quiet churchyard, before she will forget that day on which her sin overtook her, its dreadful punishment was meted out to her.

Many days—months—had to pass before she could be suddenly reminded of her lost sister, without passionate bursts of grief. Long the empty stool by the hearth, the vacant place on the doorstep, were never passed by Carry without a sick shudder, or bitter tears. For long she would rise up wildly from her bed at nights, and creeping to the little empty cot where Lotty had lain, sink down sobbing on her knees beside it, and, sometimes, worn out, fall asleep so, with her wet cheek on the pillow where her sister's used to lie.

This time passed, for such grief is not for ever; but not the repentance that alone is worth anything in the sight of Heaven—the repentance that bears fruit in our daily life. J. R. M.

#### ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 288.

"Our God shall come."—Ps. 1. 3.

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|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. O pbrah.....        | 1 Sam. xiii. 17.    |
| 2. U riah's.....       | Ezra viii. 33.      |
| 3. R amah.....         | 1 Kings xv. 22.     |
| 4. G adi's.....        | 2 Kings xv. 17, 19. |
| 5. O no.....           | 1 Chron. viii. 12.  |
| 6. D amaseus.....      | 2 Cor. xi. 32.      |
| 7. S alu's.....        | Numb. xxv. 14.      |
| 8. H elam.....         | 2 Sam. x. 17.       |
| 9. A zekah.....        | Josh. x. 11.        |
| 10. L ahmi.....        | 1 Chron. xx. 5.     |
| 11. L ydda.....        | Acts ix. 38.        |
| 12. C hedorlaomer..... | Gen. xiv. 1.        |
| 13. O ded's.....       | 2 Chron. xv. 8.     |
| 14. M aseiah's.....    | Jer. xxix. 21.      |
| 15. E zel.....         | 1 Sam. xx. 19.      |

#### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Where Baasha was laid within his grave?
2. What chamberlain to Esther kindness gave?
3. The rock where Judah's men to Samson spoke.
4. Where went a queen, a prophet to invoke?
5. The place where Jacob wrestled with the Lord.
6. Whose murderers came to David for reward?
7. What chancellor to Artaxerxes wrote?
8. Whose name was framed deep sorrow to denote?
9. Who three-and-twenty years his office held?
10. Whose son joined Absalom when he rebelled?
11. Who to his servant gave his daughter's hand?
12. The Gileadite found refuge in what land?
13. What town the Israelites for Pharaoh built?
14. What king a leper was through impious guilt?
15. One whom Sennacherib to Judah sent.
16. The well beside which Gideon pitched his tent.

God cannot lie, unchanging truth  
His Holy Spirit gives;  
The Spirit's self is truth. In Christ  
That selfsame truth still lives.